

## THE HERALD.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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**DIRECTORS:**  
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 J. A. SMITH, Business Manager.  
 J. L. HANSEN, J. W. YOUNG, J. W. TUBBS, JOHN K. WISNER, HORACE G. WHITNEY.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1891.

**SILVER AND LEAD.**  
 Bar silver was quoted in New York yesterday at 95 1/2.  
 Lead, 4 3/4.

**WEATHER INDICATIONS.**  
 The indications furnished by the United States agricultural department through Mr. Kerkham in San Francisco:

Shows: stationary temperature, followed by rising temperature.

**SPEAK OUT, MR. BLAINE!** Are you in it?

THE BELLMAN is out after Prince Richard. What has become of him!

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and family have left New York to spend the winter in New Jersey.

THE CHICAGO fair, it is estimated, will cost \$200,000, or one-fifth as much as a whole Republican Congress.

SALT LAKE MOVIES are full of seasonal goods. Now is the time to lay in winter supplies. Likewise to advertise. A word to the wise.

MR. PORTER, superintendent of the census, is ill with a throat trouble. He can now sympathize with people who had to swallow his inadequate reports of the population.

THE TIME from Washington to New York by rail has been reduced to four hours. The distance is 225 miles. The average rate of speed, including stops, is fifty-seven miles per hour.

CHICAGO GIRLS are kicking against the monopoly by the young men there of the football amusement. They girls want a hand in everything where the foot comes in, because they are "built that way."

AN ACTRESS in New York is about to test in the Supreme Court of the United States the question whether the custom officers have a right to seize her trunks in default of payment of duty. She claims they are exempt as "tools of trade."

THE LARGEST electric locomotive ever constructed in this country was tested last week in Boston. It moved six large freight cars, weighing 150 tons, at the rate of five miles an hour, only 1 1/2 per cent. grade. On a level it will pull 300 tons.

"THE NO DANCE" is the title of Sir Edwin Arnold's latest poem. It represents a couple of fellows going out to a can-can performance, where the principal corymbus, who has hung her robe on a tree, appears in scant costume "tied with a sky-blue string about the waist," and with "little lifted feet" goes through the mazes. It beats the ghost dance.

THE REPORT of the superintendent of the Dead Letter office, just sent in to the postmaster-general, shows a very large increase in the amount of correspondence forwarded there from the cities as being undelivered. The fact that 70 per cent of the letters were afterwards delivered shows that something other than carelessness in the direction was at the bottom of the trouble. Much of this sort of mail goes to the Washington office for want of proper attention at the carriers' division of the postoffice in not keeping up with removals from place to place. Another cause is the failure to supply postoffices in each city that has the same name as others in different states, whereby the error of address could often be corrected. Of course the great cause of the crowding of the Dead Letter office will continue to be carelessness in writing the superscription.

LAST MONDAY was the day for taking the vote of Arizona for and against the proposed state constitution. It permits corporations to sell water for irrigation, and allows unlimited loans—clauses which are said to be unpopular, but the sentiment of the state is so overwhelming that the constitution will probably carry, in spite of its defects.

MARCUS AURELIUS SMITH, the Congressional delegate, has arrived in Washington and says Arizona will be a state before his Westerner head shall be denuded of its hirsute glory, as he puts it—meaning before he has his hair cut. This cheerful Arizona further remarks:

One of our counties is worth all of Idaho and Wyoming put together. It is farmed Southern California to inferior in many respects. We raise better grapes than can be raised in California, and we make better wine. A great many Southern Californians have purchased land in our territory—the territory which, as a state, will be soon known as the Italy of America: the place where the one-legged and pithless-pusued of earth may live and prosper.

**A LEGAL POINT.**

In 1877 Mr. WILLIAM B. CORDEN died in New York, leaving a will directing that a large portion of his estate, worth \$4,000,000, be bestowed by his executors upon such charities as the majority of them might determine. This portion of the will has been in the chancery and equity courts ever since, and lately it has been decided that it is void, on the ground that there is no beneficiary by whom it can be carried out. This is substantially the decision arrived at in the appellate court of the same state in the case of Mr. TILDEN's will, and it appears to be good law.

Some such question as this, it would seem, is involved in that portion of the

McKINLEY tariff act which provides that the President, whenever and so often as he shall be satisfied that the government of any country producing and exporting sugar, coffee, tea and hides, imposes duties upon American products which he may deem to be unreasonable, he shall suspend the provisions of the reciprocity clauses for such time as he shall deem just, and thereupon certain stipulated duties shall be imposed upon such exports.

Congress here delegates to the executive a portion of the law and treaty making power, leaving to his discretion and judgment the exercise of powers that by the constitution do not belong to him. If a man may not, by his last will and testament, leave to his representatives after death, the disposition of his own property, expressly confiding in their precedence and integrity, how much less may the Congress of the United States, elected to pass laws affecting our domestic and foreign relations, blindly give this authority into the hands of another branch of the government not amenable to it except in a general way?

This, as we understand, one of the points made by counsel in discussing the cases, now before the United States supreme court, involving the constitutional-ity of the McKinley act. The decisions of the New York courts referred to above were rendered since the bills were filed, and before the oral argument began. How much weight will be given to this feature cannot, of course, be foretold.

**THE FIELD DISASTER.**

The family of CYRUS W. FIELD will think these days of the familiar saying, "It never rains but it pours." Two weeks ago the FIELDS were among the presumed wealthiest and supposedly happiest of Americans. The head of the house, the venerable CYRUS W., was bright of mind and physically strong and active for one of his years. His wealth was believed by him and others to run into the millions. His wife, his companion and helpmate for fifty-one years, was with him. His son was at the head of a big and what was thought to be a prosperous financial concern. His daughter was the happy wife of a man who stood high in social and business circles. There would seem to be little more in this world that the FIELDS could desire. In less than two weeks all has been changed, and one of the most disastrous wrecks ever recorded has been wrought. The aged wife and mother has been laid in the grave. The son, the pride and boast of all the others, has been shown to be the colossal thief and ingrate of the age. He has pauperized himself, his father and relatives, and robbed friends and those who trusted him, and is now seeking refuge in an insane asylum from criminal prosecution. The daughter is on her death-bed, and her father is swiftly dying in a home which belongs to another, distracted and broken-hearted by the grief and shame and poverty which have come upon him so suddenly and with such terrific force.

The spectacle is indeed a pitiable one, and when one gazes upon it he is forced to ask of himself, at least, why such things should be, why such awful distress should be visited upon people who cannot have deserved the infliction?

**"EDUCATING YOUNG UTAH."**

A Salt Lake contemporary undertakes to speak of the effect of Mr. MILLER's tariff views if applied to Utah. Of course an exceedingly limited and partial scope is given to such operation. Free entry of raw materials is thus confined to foreign ores and wool. Now, whether the addition of a tariff of 15 cents per pound on lead would actually close down four-fifths of the mines and close up four-fifths of the business of Utah, as asserted, we have doubts rather more than faint. If it would do such a thing as that, of course it will not be abolished, for the mission of tariff reform is not to tear down, but to build up. The total lead production of the territory in 1890 was, at \$60 per ton for unrefined and 4 cents per pound for refined lead, somewhat more than \$2,000,000, but the agricultural products were about four times as much.

On the wool question, the less said by the protectionists the better for their side. It was not the purpose of ex-Comptroller LAWRENCE, who wrote the wool schedule of the present tariff, to reduce the price of wool. On the contrary, he demanded a tariff high enough to permit third-class wools, such as are used in making carpets, to bring as much as Australian wools. He wanted to shut out all foreign wool. And so the duty was largely increased. But in spite of this fact, the quantity of foreign wools imported since the McKinley act was passed, has been twice, or more, as great as that imported in the corresponding period of the previous year. All this time the price of domestic wool has been decreasing, especially of the finer clips from Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania, from two to four cents a pound. On this point the Chicago Tribune, good Republican authority, a short time ago said:

The Obions have a very distinct recollection that JOHN LAWRENCE and other bright and shining lights promised them last summer that the wool schedule, which the former had drafted, was going to raise the price of their wool and increase the demand for it. Neither of these things have come to pass.

So much for high tariff, with reference to its benefits to wool-growers. The other side of the question lies in what it does for them when they go to buy wool products. In 1890 the duty on the lowest grade of blankets was 72 per cent; now it is 61. A five-pound blanket costs \$2.50 to make, the labor-cost being 35 cents, and now the blanket is protected to the amount of \$2.25. This, we are told, is the way to equalize matters between American workmen and the pauper labor of Europe! And look what the tariff takes from the well-earned wages of the American laborer! He is taxed on every article of clothing he and his wife and children wear, and everything he uses, from the time he washes his face in a taxed tin basin till he lies down on a taxed bed, and draws a taxed sheet and a taxed blanket over his tired limbs. Not only is he the victim of the manufacturers' prices, but he is the plaything of their wages, and in his seasons and hours of labor he helps to support rich trusts and combinations.

So upon the laboring man, the mechanic, the miner, the professional man, the merchant and the farmer the protective tariff principle works incessant injury and injustice:

Muscle and sinew, nerve and brain  
 Tax, tax, tax over and over again;  
 Tax on the seed that the farmer sows,  
 On grain in his barn and grain that he grows,  
 On all that he owns and on all that he loves,  
 To the very grindstone that grinds his nose.

Tax on the mare and her foal unborn,  
 On the supper bell and the dinner horn,  
 On every shape that the fabric takes,  
 From the three unshorn to the cloth it makes,  
 On every dollar and dime and cent,  
 On money borrowed and money lent,  
 On cash to receive, and cash that is spent,  
 In every form that knaves could invent,  
 On lumber and product, meat and bone,  
 On labor and freewood, coal and stone,  
 A tax on your house, a tax on your lot,  
 A tax on the kettle, a tax on the pot,  
 On things not your own that your neighbor has got,  
 On all that you have and all you have not.

**A CHINESE TEN-STROKE.**

It is significant news which comes from China via France. The Chinese rebels in the provinces have been making it exceedingly lively for foreigners in their neighborhood. For months past they have been driving and killing Christian men, outraging Christian women and destroying the property of those good people who have gone from Europe and America to save the souls of the almond-eyed disciples of CONFUCIUS. Stories of the awful butcheries have been coming with startling regularity, and with each the suspicion is intensified that whilst the imperial government, outwardly appearing to assent to its subjects it is not at heart displeased with these outrages and butcheries. Matters have come to such a pass that latterly the great powers of Europe have been consulting with each other as to the propriety of joining forces in making and enforcing a demand upon the Emperor that he will give a money compensation for the damage already done and will see that his foreigners are protected against his people in every part of the empire. Newspaper readers have been expecting every morning to read that France, Germany, Great Britain and perhaps the United States had ordered war ships to China with instructions to their commanders to unite in such a formidable demonstration as would fetch the Chinese authorities to their senses and cause them to put forth vigorous efforts for the appearance of lawlessness in the interior provinces.

But whilst waiting for this announcement the news comes that England has come to an understanding with China by which mutual aid shall be rendered "in the event of certain contingencies." These contingencies are readily understood as being an attempt on the part of Russia to go eastward. The ambition of several generations of Russian rulers has been to extend the empire and that ambition has been gratified occasionally until Great Britain became alarmed for her Indian empire, and a few years ago interfered to prevent further encroachments on the part of Russia upon the petty states which were being absorbed. Not daring to proceed in the direction of India latterly Russia has been increasing the army on the Chinese frontier, evidently with the view to an early resumption of the boundary. It is thus easy to understand why China should seek an alliance with Great Britain and why the latter should not be averse to the combination. It is a case of mutual protection against the encroachments of a foe who becomes more dangerous to either the further he proceeds beyond his present bounds.

In view of yesterday's cable news we do not apprehend that the European powers will carry out their intention to make a threatening demonstration in Chinese waters. These powers will not act without Great Britain, and the latter can do better by keeping China as her friend. Meantime everybody will be reminded that it was long ago the boast of LI HUNG CHANG, the Chinese premier, that the way for China to avoid trouble with the western powers, was to keep on good terms with one of those powers, when that government would stand between China and her enemies, the battles being those of diplomacy instead of bullets. The wily old Li has been rightly styled the Emperor of China, and never was his peculiar diplomatic policy employed to better advantage than in forming an alliance with Great Britain at this critical time.

**TRIUMPHANT LOVE.**

This is a busy world. Ours is a fast age—an age of railroads and of telegraph lines; an age of commerce, of trade. Everything goes with a rush. Men think faster and quicker than they used to; at least in some lines. The mossbacks who lament the past are compelled to admit that the activity of modern life, however, has done much to destroy the romance and poetry of which the centuries of the past could boast. Our modern life with its mighty rush and roar has no place for the strolling minstrel, the noble knight, seeking adventure—always coming to the help of the weak and bidding old defiance to the conqueror and oppressor. The terrors of old oceans are dispelled; the hobgoblins and sprites of woods and mountains have disappeared, and scarce can be made to do service in amusing the children of our day. Even they will no longer listen with open-eyed wonder to the tales which generations ago were the delight of our forefathers, and were believed in all seriousness. The shriek of the locomotive and the bustle of life which have brought everything to our door and stripped the earth and sea of their wonders and made everything commonplace, have played the mischief with poetry and romance. In the midst of this restless commotion that has worked its way into our methods of life, and which crushes out sentiment, here and there are found romances that equal any of those coined by the writers of fiction. Romances, too, where true heroism is displayed; where sterling integrity, truth, fervor and devotedness are realities. Romances where virtue is rewarded, and where patient courage triumphs over biting torments and wrath; where love laughs at customs and worldly authority, and what is more, keeps its sacred flame burning brightly in the midst of misfortunes and obscurity, giving the world assurance that there is such a thing as true devotion, faithful love and honor in the world. When such a romance as this appears we shall do well to pause long enough to note it, read it and be comforted by it. Such a romance was related in our dispatches a day or two ago, when the death of Archduke FRANK, of Austria, was announced and his career made public.

It seems that in the early days of his manhood, while commanding a division of the army at Grasse, in upper Austria, he became enamored of Fraulein HOFFMAN, a singer at the theatre with a monthly salary of fifty florins. She, of course, was handsome, and what is better still, she was discreet; while the archduke—to his praise be it spoken—was honorable. To his praise be it spoken—Yes, for while it is no more than the world had a right to expect of one standing so high, and who was so powerful, yet your titled nobles are allowed great latitude with young women of FRANKLIN HOFFMAN's station; and their betrayal by titled "gentlemen" is so common that the world forgets to note, much less censure it. But Archduke HENRY was honorable, and when the alarms of war called him to the tented field, he promised if he survived the war to return and wed his love. Meantime the Emperor, FRANCIS JOSEPH, heard of the engagement and exerted all his power to break it. Fraulein HOFFMAN was offered large sums of money to break her pledged troth. She pushed them aside. Their letters were intercepted. Slander was busy with his name, and sought to blacken his fame in her eyes. She heeded not. Others, doubtless the tools of the Emperor, besieged her affections—she was unmoved. Neither bribery nor the foul breath of slander succeeding, threats were employed; and behind those threats stood kingly authority and power to enforce them. Still stood the noble woman, and with her warning heart and conscious virtue strengthening her soul, she bid defiance to

the threats of her monarch, who found himself baffled by a woman, and that woman in one of the humblest stations of life. "God is love," saith the Scripture, and who can doubt that love is God when thus he can vanquish kings! Turn we now to Archduke HENRY to see if he is worthy of this devotion. The war was over—in it, he it said, he won golden opinions; and now faithful to FRANKLIN HOFFMAN, ready to fulfill his pledged word. He was threatened with loss of his titles and his estates if he dared to marry against the wishes of the head of the house of Austria. This did not daunt him. Then came the threat of expatriation and exile—love laughed, and the devoted pair were married. But hatred hatred did all that it had threatened. The young soldier was stripped of all his honors and driven into exile; but there they lived contented and happy, giving the world one more testimony that happiness is independent of fortune, fame or court favor.

By and by the better nature and judgment of FRANCIS JOSEPH asserted itself, and in 1873 the wife of the archduke was created Princess WARTENBERG, and permission was given to the pair to live once more in their native land. Here they made themselves doubly happy in the association of friends, and made their home the centre of intellectual life where they were sought for by journalists, artists, musicians, actresses and former military comrades of the archduke, until their house at Bozen was almost a rival court to the royal one at Vienna without its intrigues and jealousies. At last FRANCIS JOSEPH came also, the family reconciliation was complete, and love everywhere was triumphant.

**SPLINTERS OF MIRTH.**

Some men imagine that their wrongs mature immediately after their wedding rites.—*Yankee Gazette.*

Fig leaf costumes have not been in style since very early times. The Rodem garment is the nearest approach to it that we have now.—*Boston Post.*

A New Haven man has worn the same coat or tuxedo for years. But then he lives in the land of steady habits.—*Birmingham Leader.*

Hunter—That's a funny name for a gun—why do you call it that? Guide—Well, sir, you see its kinder hard to discharge.—*New York Herald.*

"John," said the wife of the dying man, "there is Dr. PARSONS come to talk to you." "Tell him to talk to me at the funeral," gasped John.—*New York Sun.*

"What ever made you make Brackins a present of a pocket-book?" He is as bald as a billiard ball." "That's just it; I want to make him think I never noticed it."—*Washington Star.*

"Why, the baby is getting his father's hair," exclaimed Aunt Sue energetically. "Yes," replied Uncle George. "I noticed that his papa's bald spot is getting bigger."—*Epoch.*

With apples a cent a pound and flour three times as high, it will always remain a mystery why a railroad eating house pile is so much crust and so little viscera.—*Bradford Era.*

"A stitch in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of possible sickness.

**A SURE CURE FOR PILES.**

Hemorrhoids are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding and protruding, yield at once to Dr. HUSKINS'S Pile Remedy, which acts directly on the parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50c. druggists or mail; circulars free. Dr. HUSKINS, 229 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Z. C. M. L. Drug Store.

**A LITTLE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE IN A LIGHT HOUSE.**

Mr. and Mrs. LOUIS TRESCOTT are keepers of the government lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful cough and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain. She grew weaker rapidly, until she was so close to the land of no return, that her mother, in a moment of despair, tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and after the use of two and a half bottles was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at A.C. Smith & Co.'s drugstore. 6

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